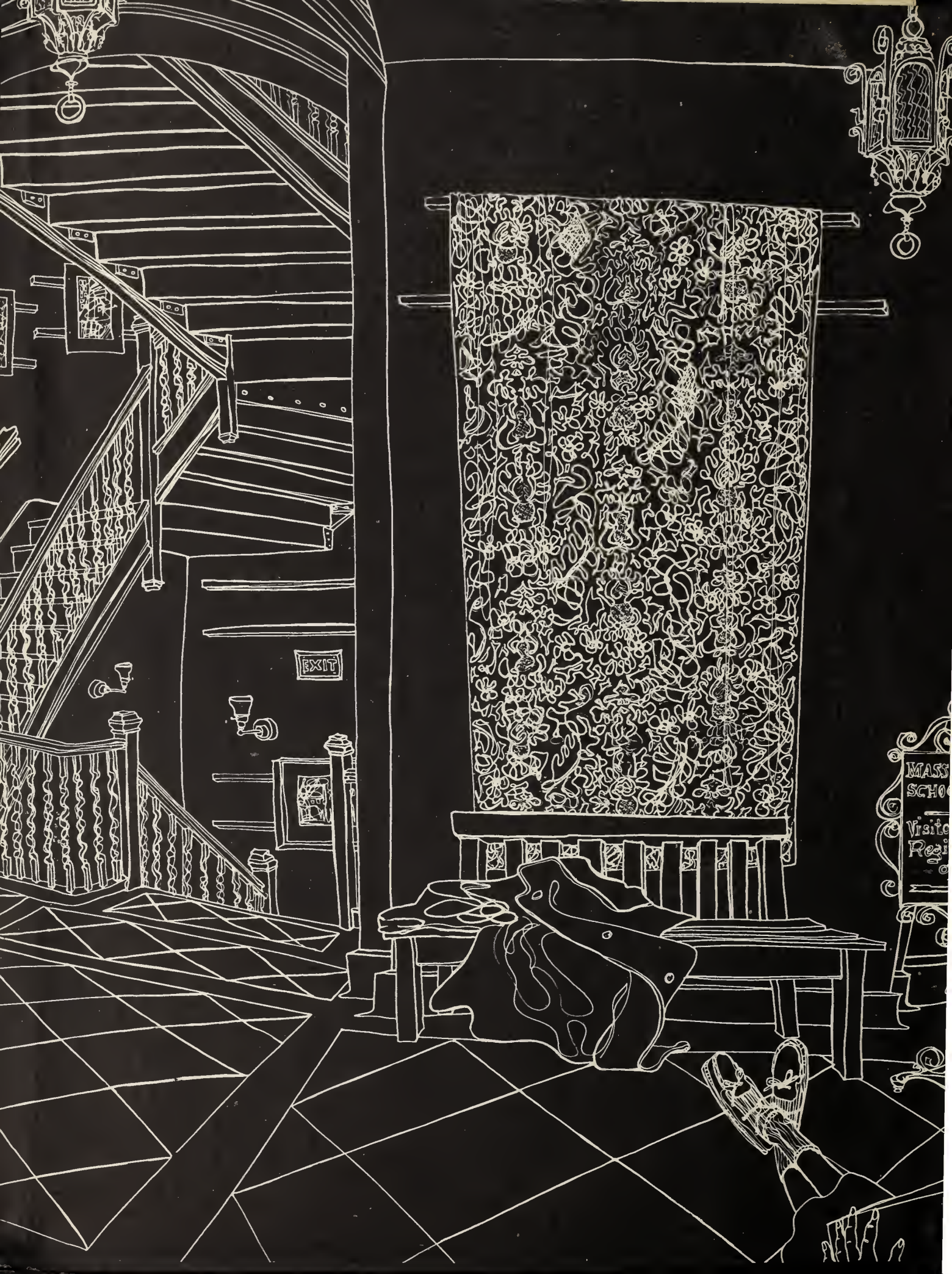


A large, stylized graphic of the number 47 is positioned diagonally across the cover. The number 4 is filled with a dense pattern of small dots, while the number 7 is solid black. The background is split into a light cream color on the left and a solid black color on the right, separated by a curved boundary that follows the shape of the number.

annual

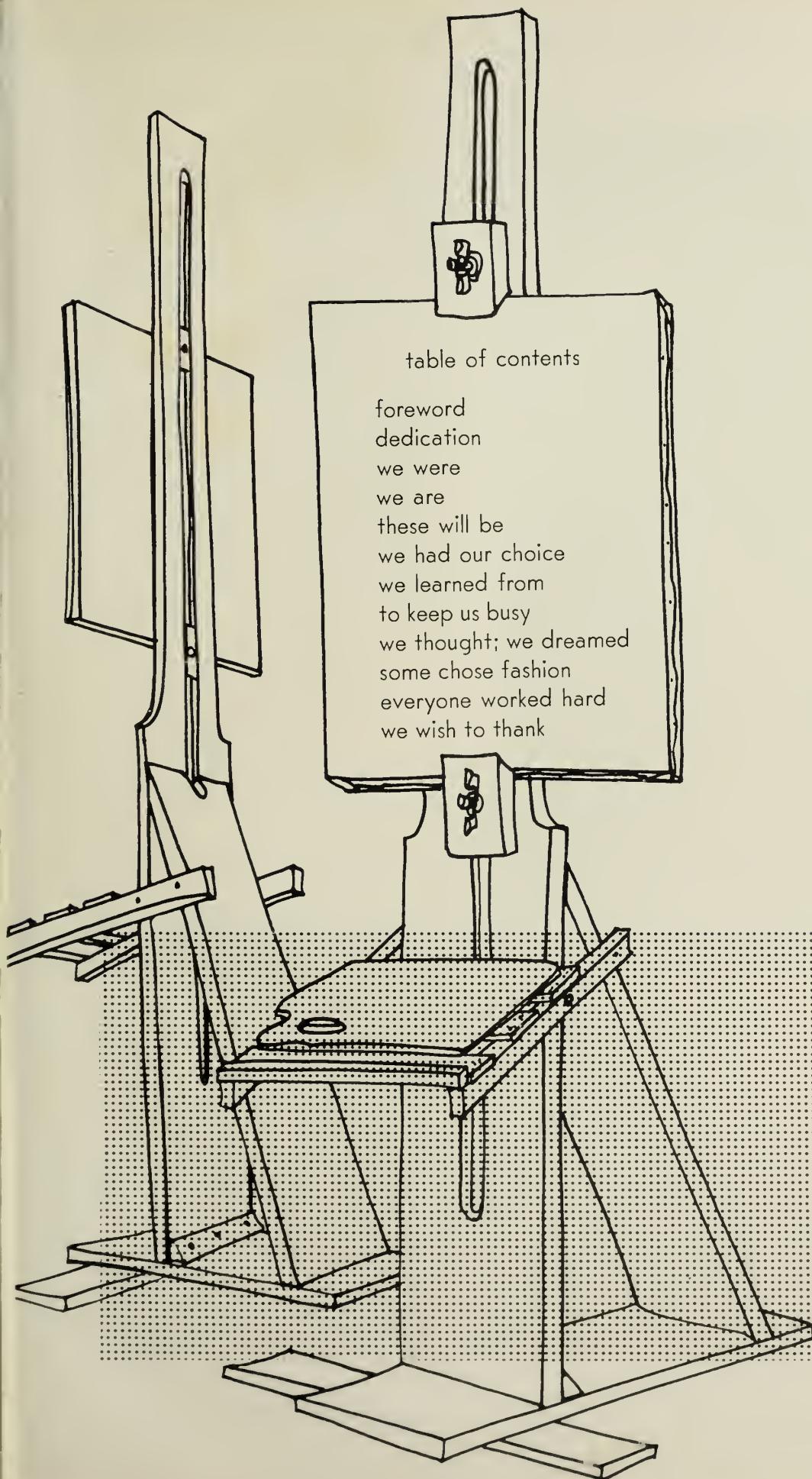
47

massachusetts
school
of art









massachusetts school of art

foreword



If accepted in the truest sense, the M.S.A. Annual is a record — an historical record of the activities of the students working under guidance so that upon graduation, they may better adjust themselves to personal, civic, national and world problems. As the casual observer turns these pages, he will observe just photographs, write-ups and reproductions of student endeavors. However, to the students, the instructors and the administration, his 1946-47 Annual can reveal and recall much that is not in print. We can recreate a year of unprecedented activity with new philosophical and material adjustments to the current and future demands placed upon us. We can gain satisfaction in the local and national recognition given to our institution.

As to future action, do not be content to accept the idea that human life consists solely in adjustment to the dominant physical and social environment. Use your train-

ing and learnings wisely and with courage. Adhere to high standards and realize the satisfaction of invention. Do not always be governed by the immediate consequences of your contribution. Understand order, as you fulfill your own nature in cooperating with your environment. Yours is the opportunity to know the Realm of the Arts. Your conquests may be many. Your achievements may be admirable or questionable: but the method upon which you have based your expression can have a permanent importance to man, as he ever moves forward.

Your "Horizons" shall continue to be my concern.

Gordon L. Reynolds
President





dedication

To a sculptor who is aware of his own ability and can say, "This I set out to do, and this I have done";

To a teacher who has shown us the way of clay — and though many of us have brushed the dried clay from our hands, the feel and the form of the clay has remained; and who has given us, too, the wisdom of his years, — in art, music, and philosophy, that we might form our own ideas;


To a man, who has arrived at his philosophy of art and life and has reached that sure ground that we all long to find for ourselves, — we dedicate this annual, — with the hope that his will to achieve will not be lacking in us, — his students.



this
is
a
freshman
looking
at
a
senior

this
is
a
senior
looking
ahead
into
the
past





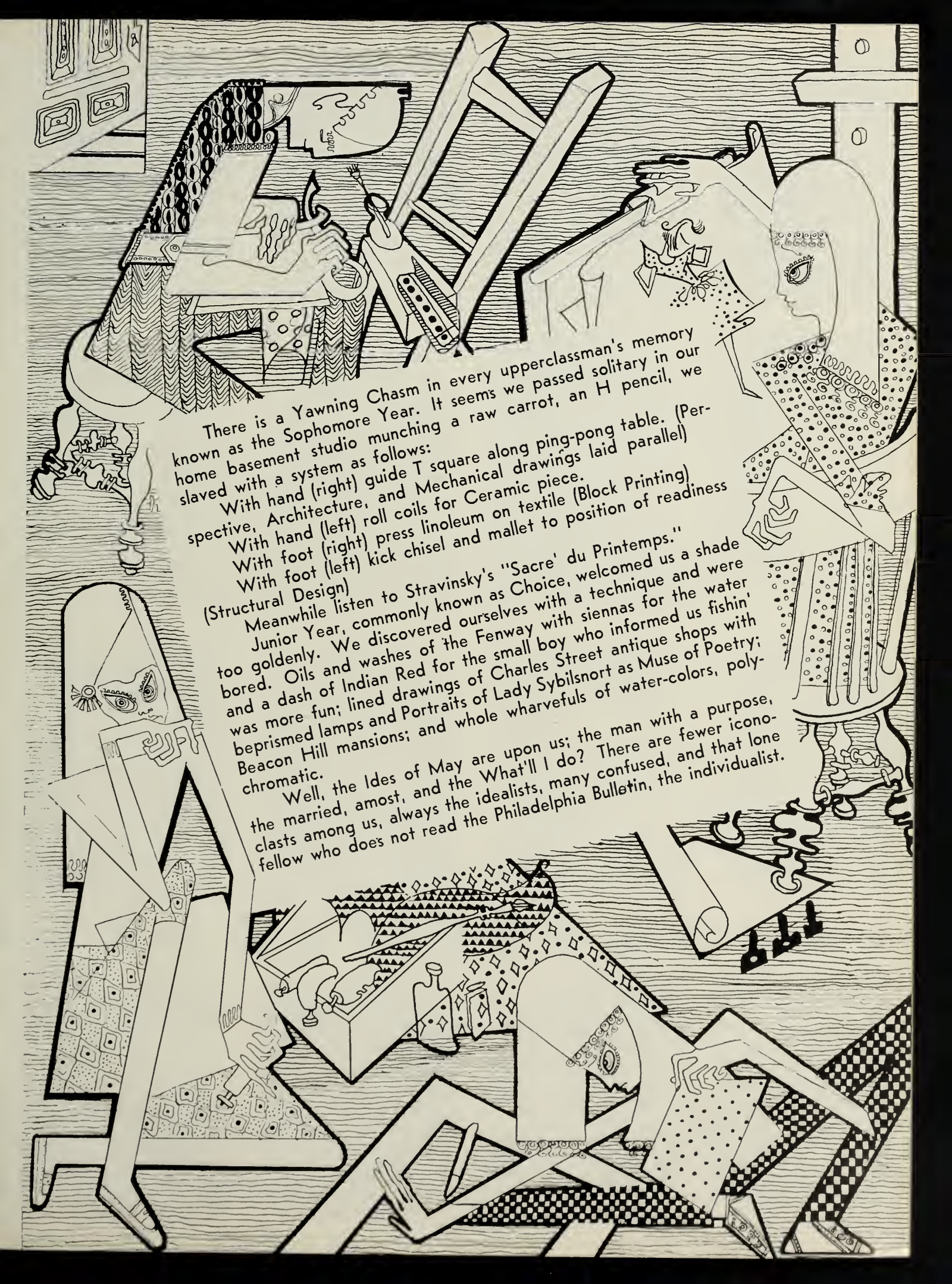
we were

Remember '43? That was the Stone Age and we were Neanderthal Man — definitely new here and in a state of incohesion. Oh my! There was a War on and we discovered ourselves in some intervals by mistake — A species of vast plateau broken at intervals by a lone stilted easel looking surreptitious; a class large enough to share a still life banana; the fabulous clock ever mindful of we few and the many moments. Sorrowful harlequins we were in mottled shirting, fearfully discovering ourselves applying to shadows the cadmium red we could not prove we saw; ever searching at exhibitions for the hidden meaning, having been told there always was one.

We bore a file of olive green lockers:

- (a) coat, galoshes, leiderkranz sandwich,
- (b) tube of black tempera which burst
- (c) unguaranteed from brothers
- (d) three dimensional problems (these latter, your convenient 6 x 7 foot portfolio size, generally arrived in collapsible corrugated units stamped with the conductor's footprint.)

And there were moments of heroism. Who was that brother who rescued us from applying heated match to turpentine cap? And there were moments of discovery. He, who would apply lever and pulley, found that there was sun beyond the front door.



There is a Yawning Chasm in every upperclassman's memory known as the Sophomore Year. It seems we passed solitary in our home basement studio munching a raw carrot, an H pencil, we

slaved with a system as follows:
With hand (right) guide T square along ping-pong table. (Perspective, Architecture, and Mechanical drawings laid parallel)
With hand (left) roll coils for Ceramic piece.
With foot (right) press linoleum on textile (Block Printing)
With foot (left) kick chisel and mallet to position of readiness

(Structural Design)

Meanwhile listen to Stravinsky's "Sacre' du Printemps."
Junior Year, commonly known as Choice, welcomed us a shade too goldenly. We discovered ourselves with a technique and were bored. Oils and washes of the Fenway with siennas for the water and a dash of Indian Red for the small boy who informed us fishin' was more fun; lined drawings of Charles Street antique shops with beprismed lamps and Portraits of Lady Sybil snort as Muse of Poetry; Beacon Hill mansions; and whole wharvefuls of water-colors, polychromatic.

Well, the Ides of May are upon us; the man with a purpose, the married, amost, and the What'll I do? There are fewer iconoclasts among us, always the idealists, many confused, and that lone fellow who does not read the Philadelphia Bulletin, the individualist.





Elaine Biganess . . . fiery eagerness, and, of course, those startling tresses

Tom Bruneau . . . homework — with little Kathy climbing to my knee?

Lydia Breed . . . bobbed hair, shirt-sleeves, and the power to do

Anthony Barbaro . . . toward 10:15, Tallulah, and 'toons

Alice Coolidge . . . Q. E. D. — all candles have two ends



Esther Connor . . . a mischievous humor equalled only by her quickness

John Forster . . . big, exploding laugh and loud influence

Jean Courtney . . . ambitious, frivolous at moments, and it's always Dan

Jean Graham . . . a bonny lass, a bonny style

Helen Hochstein . . . primitive designs, shorthand specialist



Elizabeth Patch . . . long brown hair, crossword puzzles, Ruthie and books

Dorothy Petze . . . a terrific line in drawing

Gracie Philbrick . . . calm and collected, quiet yet amused

Gail Rogers . . . toujours Gail!

Jacob Panian . . . jolly, jovial, heard that one before, Jake



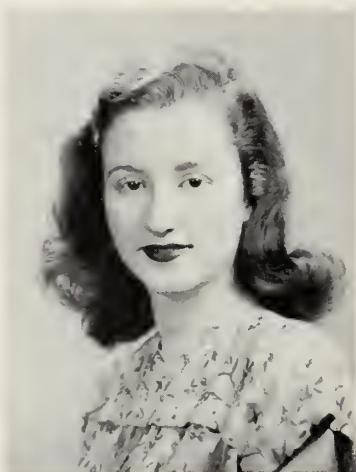
Muriel Webber . . . ardent and hardworking, a housewife too

Elaine Smithers . . . choice command of words, terpsichore, long thoughts

Gertrude Wade . . . she thinks diagonally between two points

Helene Rones . . . perfection plus, pleasant personality, plenty of punch

Stephen Thomas . . . our redheaded philosopher, personality plus





Jacqueline Craig . . . a calm, quiet personality supplements her gleaming eyes

James Gilmore . . . Well, you see, uranium's out, bus chairs are in

Alice Dow . . . nothing is better left unsaid

Sarah Azadian . . . the girl with the verichrome heart

Ben Black . . . who beats the teacher to the problem



Alice Kirby . . . sporty, black bangs, bold painting

Irene Horack . . . straight ahead, Glo?

Gloria Harrington . . . straight ahead, Irene!

Irene Myerson . . . eyelashes, helpful hints

Amelia Gloss . . . sagacity, strawberry roans, and small sprouts



Lois Marks . . . our tenderist, the renderist

Sally Fairbanks . . . as gold shimmers; diminutive with finesse

Mary Malandrino . . . it's so dark at 5:30 A.M. in Billerica

Shirley Nickerson . . . depth of personality, that nonchalance, and music

Jeanne Murphey . . . gentle, persuasive; a Victorian with variations



Lorna Walker . . . full of tricks — fun

Geraldine Palestrant . . . our own Bergman

Eleanor Paine . . . time waits for her

Elinor Palmer . . . a confusing combination of delicacy and volubility

Virginia Wenzler . . . casual and coffee-loving; determined when around



Eleanor Davis . . . president
Mary Malandrino . . . vice-president
Lois Marks . . . secretary
Alice Coolidge . . . treasurer
Helene Rones . . . president—student association





Eleanor Allen . . . interests, deep-rooted in footlights and curtains!
Joan Connelly . . . Picasso, Braque, and there's always Joan
Paula Cahill . . . small sophisticate with great amount of zip
Janet Doub . . . our unanswerable retort when our usefulness is questioned
Eleanor Davis . . . heard and almost seen



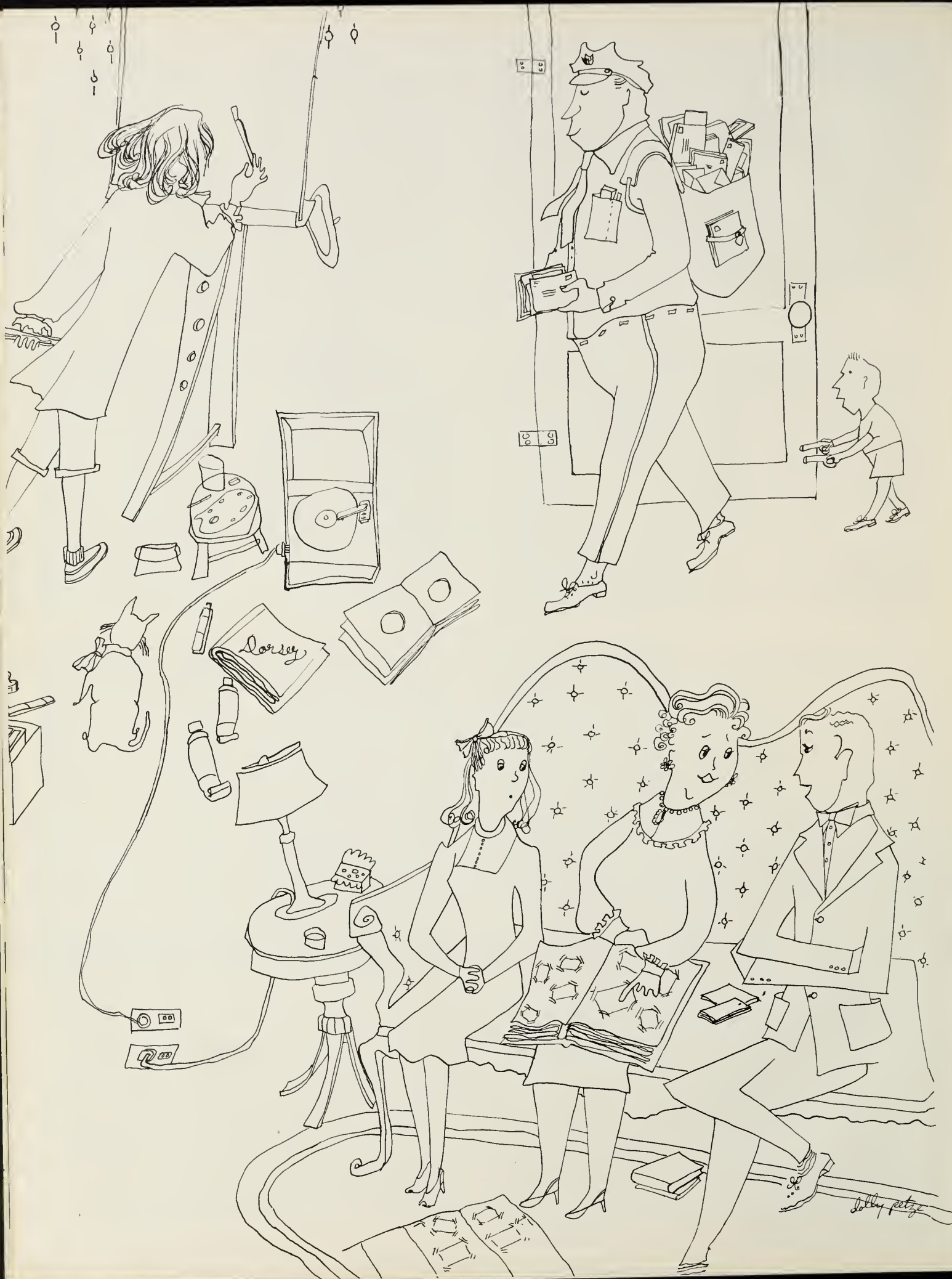
Nancy Weare . . . carefree casualty from the clamflats
Dorothy McLean . . . B. & W.'s pinup girl
Carol Hanson . . . silent, remote, with a discerning intellect
Ruth Doyle . . . world weary, a deep lover of art
Ellie Morse . . . tiny Ellie, spark of wit and helpful always



Joe Coletta . . . spontaneous humor disguised by inter-changing ascents
Mary Murphy . . . our social butterfly
Anne Levitsky . . . wide-eyed, imaginative Anne; John, and Brahms' Symphonies
Henrietta Lockwood . . . got a mat knife, a ruler, or a minute?
Ruth Simonds . . . loquacious, but efficiency personified with — Oh! that red convert



Norman Palmstrom . . . despite denials, a thinker and a diplomat
Chester Colson . . . "Father swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees"
Elinor Phillips . . . immortalized with a Vogue on her knee
Warren Spaulding . . . the "invisible worker"
Robert Grady . . . "ah fishing!" And a non-polluted trout stream



these will be



junior class

President	George Lane
Vice-President	Thomas Donlon
Secretary	Jean Wells
Treasurer	Nancy Deering

In three years, reluctantly, we are facing the gray ghost of our own pent-up knowledge, the self-criticism that has come in the eleventh hour. The time that seemed so long is running out, and uncovered in its passage a balance between what we did and what we had hoped to do. Not that we are frightened by it, or too greatly alarmed. It comes, rather, as a blow to our pride, to what little confidence we had, as the recognition of a weak line, a borrowed idea, or a hasty judgment. We had been seeing our work only through the eyes of others, feeling that it could not bear our

own analysis. Rejection and acceptance were swift, impression transient. Now, the missing overtones and subtleties are rising, and the opinions we reserved for others are turning inward. We are coming at last to know ourselves.

We have another year: the time has come to put a clear eye to the canvas and a firm hand to the brush. Our own arts, ideas, and judgments are truer to us than any we can distill out of the past or present. The kindest critic we will know is at our shoulder — but he recognizes only the best.

Dorothy Weafer



sophomore class

President	Richard Rourke
Vice-President	Vincent Tringale
Secretary	Dorothy Betts
Treasurer	Barbara Johnson



Time — weird and intangible, yet ever present, before whom the world pays homage on its tired knee; trying to grasp, in desperation, the hem of its garment and thus stay the hurrying hours. If it could but pause awhile for us to breathe — yet always we are rebuffed and we pick ourselves out of our corner only to discover its pace has increased.

Time — yesterday we began, we sophisticated sophomores. Yet yesterday is eons ago and between then and now are left the vaguest recollections of a night's dream.

A dream of things all huddled together in enormous space, yet the space, still limited; the hushed warnings from the seats of the wise; smoothly bouncing subway cars in and out on endless tracks that stretch forever into the empty ether; blurred faces seen once, seen time and time again, lost in the maze of a Dali world;

the escaping steam of New Haven trains somehow sounding like the kiss of a new brush on canvas; falling leaves coating the pavement with ice, and with all — the taste of midnight coffee; the front humeruses with and without side Deltoids joining the Latissimus Dorsi at the external angular process; Kupfie's cadmium spreading over the brownstone Summer House for a Family of Four whose three foot overhang never does vanish at the horizon line and throughout the whole — the advancing and retreating face of Blake's Tiger.

Tearing the last vestige of fog from our eyes we discover time.

Time — weird intangible and everpresent has increased his pace and even the junior cannot grasp his hand or halt his progress — time.

Natalie Gallagher
Sophomore III



freshman class

President Wilfred Sheldon
Vice-President Charles McGregor
Secretary George Bergner
Treasurer Joseph Gropper

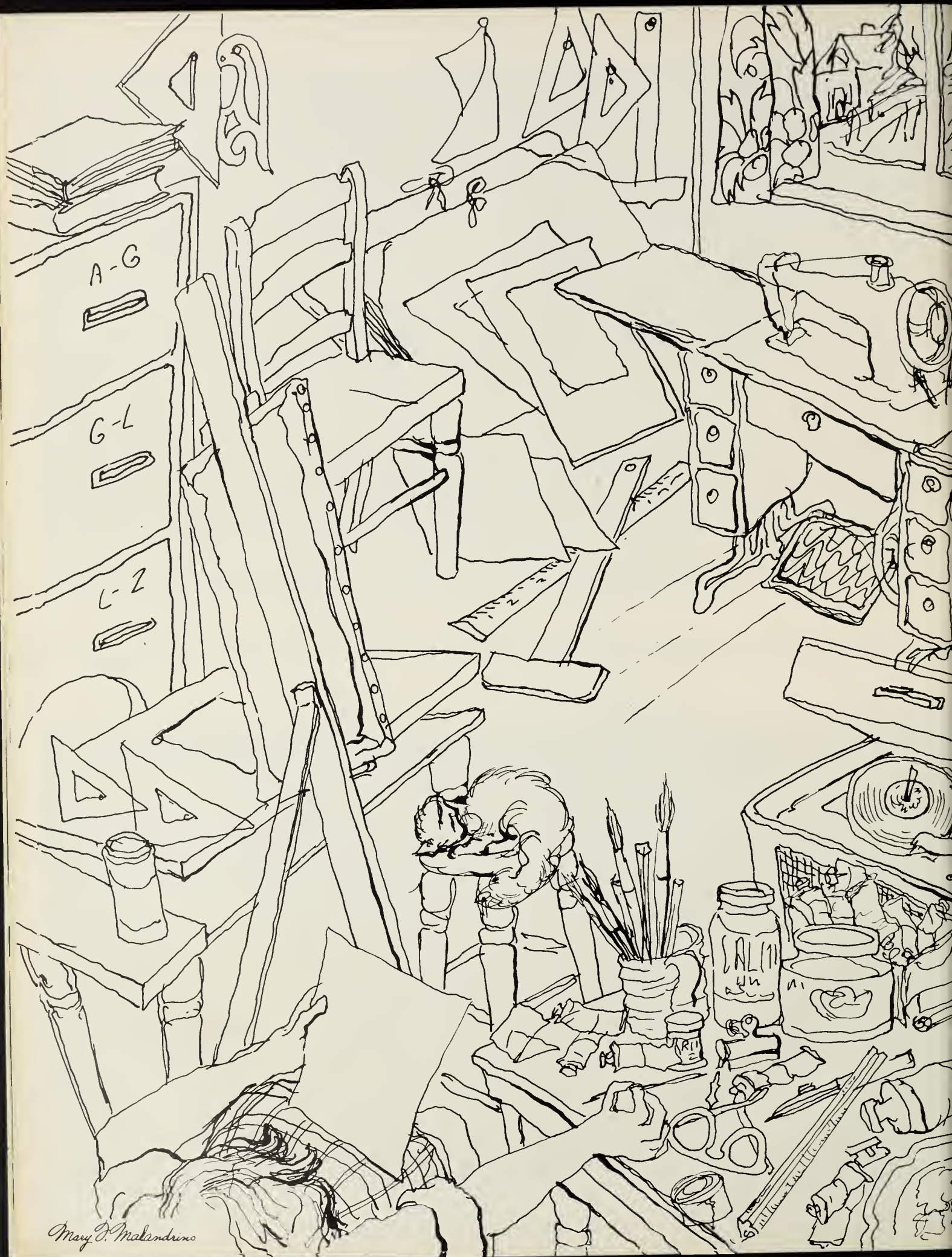
If this year's bumper crop of freshmen, the largest ever, appears to suffer from a severe epidemic of megalomania, don't call a psychiatrist. The year had not yet begun when we were eulogized as the cream of the crop, the pick of a multitude of artistic aspirants. Such praise and optimism on the part of the faculty was bound to produce an occasional braggadocio or at least convert a flock of uncertain freshmen into a galaxy of bombastic hopefuls.

By virtue of his preponderance, the knowledge-hungry veteran has dominated this class, making it a trifle older than freshmen groups in the past, and allegedly more sophisticated. Although he is no self-professed pedant, he has taken his work seriously, and this attribute has had a wholesome effect on all concerned.

The class of 1950 has enjoyed its first year at MSA and has replied with cooperation and participation in all activities. We have strived earnestly to live up to expectations, and before the next three years have passed we may prove well-deserving of our advance notices and premature praise.







Mary P. Malandrino

we had our choice

drawing and

painting

Painted initials of other classes decorate our intricate little forest of easels; we've added ours. Suddenly, with the breath of June, we know what it means: that we are going too, leaving the paint marked cubicles which have been cloak and core of winter existence for two elective years. If we could do it again . . . ? We know more now than when we began school, wanting to do covers like Rockwell, landscapes like Hibbard. Now we curl a lip at commerce, maybe, and turn to art circle sophistication. Yet if we could do it again . . . grope less, understand more . . . for we may need prosaic skill and even the sticky platitudes of commerce, attributes as hard to come by as the aesthetic attitude. That attitude is worthy, the restless world needs it more, yet with it alone we hastily turn to our Thoreau. How do we live cheaply on flour, Indian meal, and molasses? Can we make colors from earths and berry dyes? And what's this about rammed earth construction if no Irishman's shanty is handy for boards with which to build a shack? Or, in the withering stare of the Philistine do we too resolve to be SUCCESSFUL, murmuring with glazed eyes "How bad can greeting card design get?" and "We must go to New York, the publishers are there!"

But perhaps we make this promise to Art: that we will not unnecessarily stir the impotent stew of academic against modern, commercial against fine, but serve to extend the cognate field of all art so that, slowly, it will become a realized need of the people, not a thing revolving in its own decay of bickering, last-resort teaching, cut-throat commissions, and aesthetic paralysis. Let us love the original spirit of art, for one thing is sure: as painters born we eye life differently, more despairingly sometimes, yet more happily and often more clearly than others.

Warren Spaulding

Elaine Biganess
Lydia Breed
Janet Doub
Ruth Doyle
Sally Fairbanks
John Forster
Carol Hanson
Alice Kirby
Jeanne Murphy
Elinor Palmer
Norman Palmstrom
Elizabeth Patch
Ruth Simonds
Muriel Webber
Virginia Wenzler
Anne Levitsky
Warren Spaulding
Charles Walkup



Wasserfaulding



Lydia Brecht



Elaine Egan



Scotchy Feinbault



Ruth Simonds



Anne Keritabog



John Forster



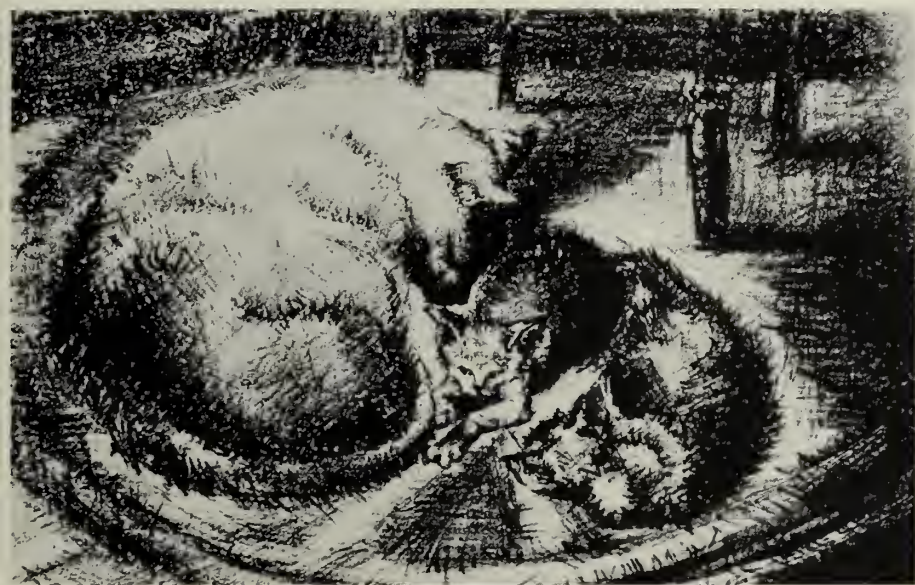
Norman Palmstrom



Janet Doub



Elaine Bigness



Carol Hanson



Elaine Riggs



Warren Spaulding



Sally Fairbanks



general design

Sarah Azadian
Anthony Barbaro
Joan Connelly
Alice Coolidge
Eleanor Davis
Alice Dow
James Gilmore
Amelia Gloss
Jean Graham
Gloria Harrington
Helen Hochstein
Irene Horack
Henrietta Lockwood
Mary Malandrino
Lois Marks
Mary Murphy
Eleanor Paine
Geraldine Palastrant
Jacob Panian
Dorothy Petze
Elinor Phillips
Gail Rogers
Stephen Thomas
Gertrude Wade
Lorna Walker
Nancy Weare
Ben Black
Dorothy McLean
Irene Myerson

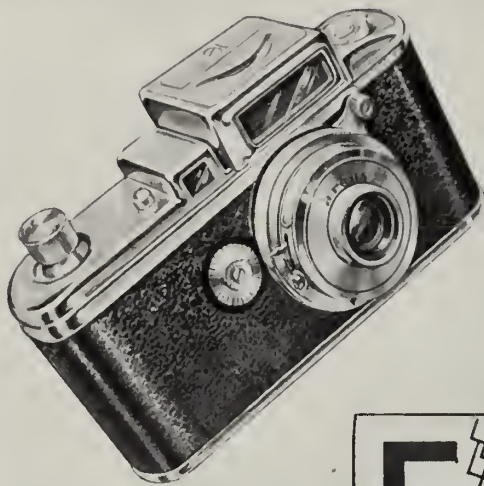
"The time has come," the student said,
"To talk of many things:
Of paints — and books — and etching ground —
Diplomas — and class rings —
And why a problem doesn't work —
And if Art, fame and fortune brings."

Though strongly individual, we, the designers, unite to thank our instructors for working with us toward perfection of drawing, complete harmony, and unity of design. We hope we have utilized their efforts to the best of our ability, and now, gaining our diplomas, we are going to prove this.

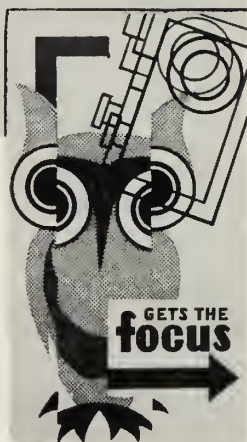
Down in the depths of A-6 where temperament and peculiarities are well known, we worked while our possessions traveled far and wide, from A to C and back again. Matt knives, white tempera, and air brush weights were at a premium, but talent and ingenuity were abundant always. Many times "Necessity is the mother of invention" was proved, reproved, and then painted on 15" by 20" illustration board.

After four years, we have learned to transport our portfolios in and out of traffic, through doorways, and into lockers. Now that they are well filled with examples of our potentialities we will carry them to offices, studios, publishing houses and homes with the ease of entering a Kenmore bus at 3:00 P.M.

—Amelia Gloss



Alice Cookidge



Amelia Robin Libe



Stephen Thomas



Lain Marken



Pamela J. Elmore



Lois Marks



G. Wade



Jean Graham



Arthur Barboro



Alice Colledge



Amor Phillips

Everything
happens to
KATIE

Everything happens to
KATIE

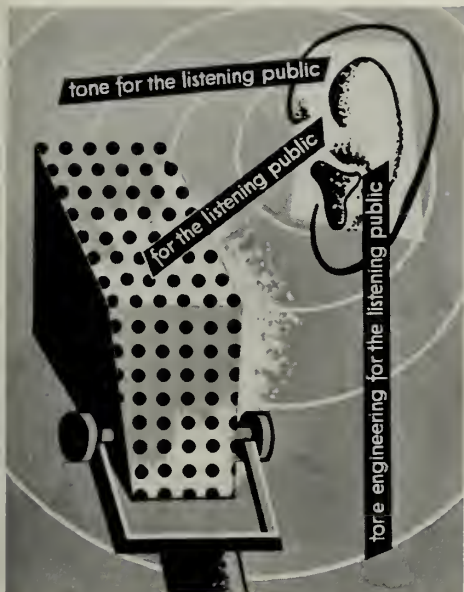
Evans



Jean Graham



G. Wade



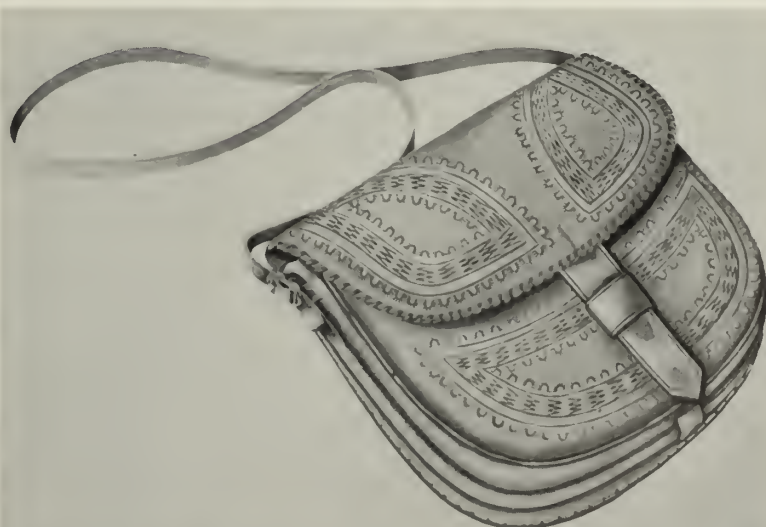
Clive Lookidge



Mary F. Malendino



Lois Marks



Chloris Davis



art

education

Eleanor Allen
Paula Cahill
Chester Colson
Esther Connor
Jacqueline Craig
Robert Filbin
Robert Grady
Irene Jablonski
Paul Licht
Grace Marble
Eleanor Morse
Shirley Nickerson
Helene Rones
Elaine Smithers
Vincent Veneziano
Joseph Coletta
Thomas Bruneau

Yesterday, it seems, we were timid Juniors, stepping into that mysterious room, B-10, heart of the T. E.'s activities. It did not take long to acclimate ourselves to the studies, procedures, and importance of our vocation . . . we look forward to hard work and fun. Hard work? . . . well, that had a way of heaping up unexpectedly . . . murals, we recall, that we designed as Juniors for our B-10 walls: the preliminary sketching, scaled models, cut-paper creations representing our ideas on the "spirit of Boston", or "Conservation". Working together for benefit of all, certainly gave us a spirit of cooperation and a realization of the thoughts and ideas of others. Then there were children's stories, themes, puppets, lesson-plans . . . yet not one assignment went by without its humorous and enjoyable side.

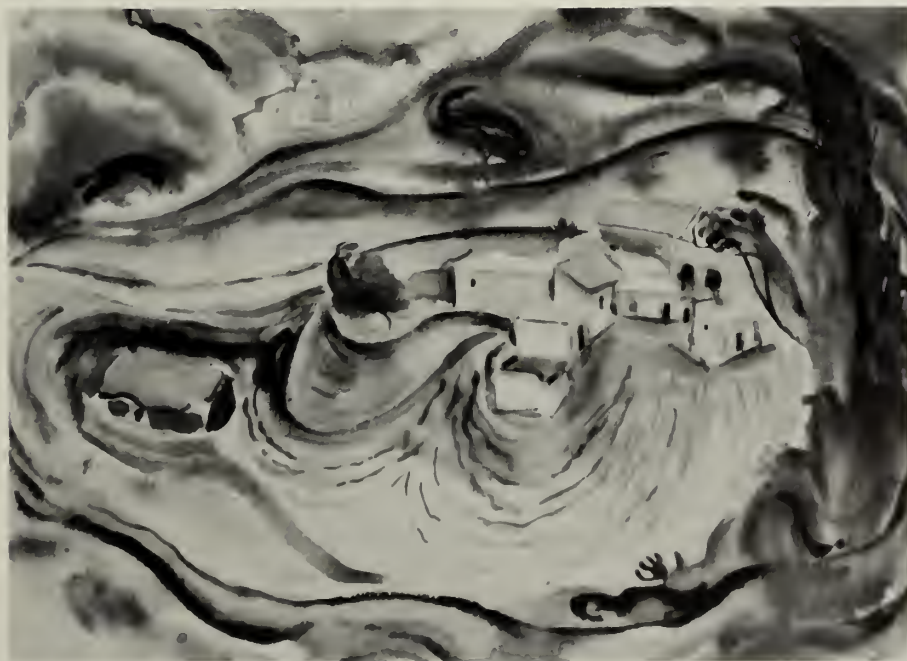
For three semesters, we spent one day a week in the public schools observing art experiences at various school levels, until we were able to help plan and teach blocks of work. Working with the children will always be to us a constant source of amazement and inspiration. We have had an opportunity in this department to practice drawing, painting, the crafts, as well as to study child psychology, so that when art and life needs arise, we will feel competent and able to participate.



Besides our studies, our Junior Eastern Arts Association, offered lectures, slides, and many interesting discussions during the meetings we had at the lunch periods and after hours. Then, of course, the trips to New York and Philadelphia . . . short week-ends at the Conventions crammed with things to see and hear. Then to come back and give those who did not attend, a birds-eye view. Our outside activities consisted of many things, from plays and entertainments to helping to paint the North Gallery and Smoking Room. Yet our field trips were probably the most enjoyable . . . the trip by car to Andover, to view "Seeing the Unseeable" and the trip to the Children's Museum. Both trips plus many others offered relaxation, education, and inspiration for our creative selves. Field trips and extra-curricular activities, wherein fun and learning were equally divided, will always be remembered by us.

As the time ticks off, and commencement day creeps quickly upon us, we feel a sense of accomplishment and a surge of ambition to be about our chosen task . . . yet we can not help feeling a little sad about leaving behind many wonderful friendships both in faculty and students, that helped to make our school life a memorable experience.

Esther Connor



Joseph J. Williams



Joseph Coletta





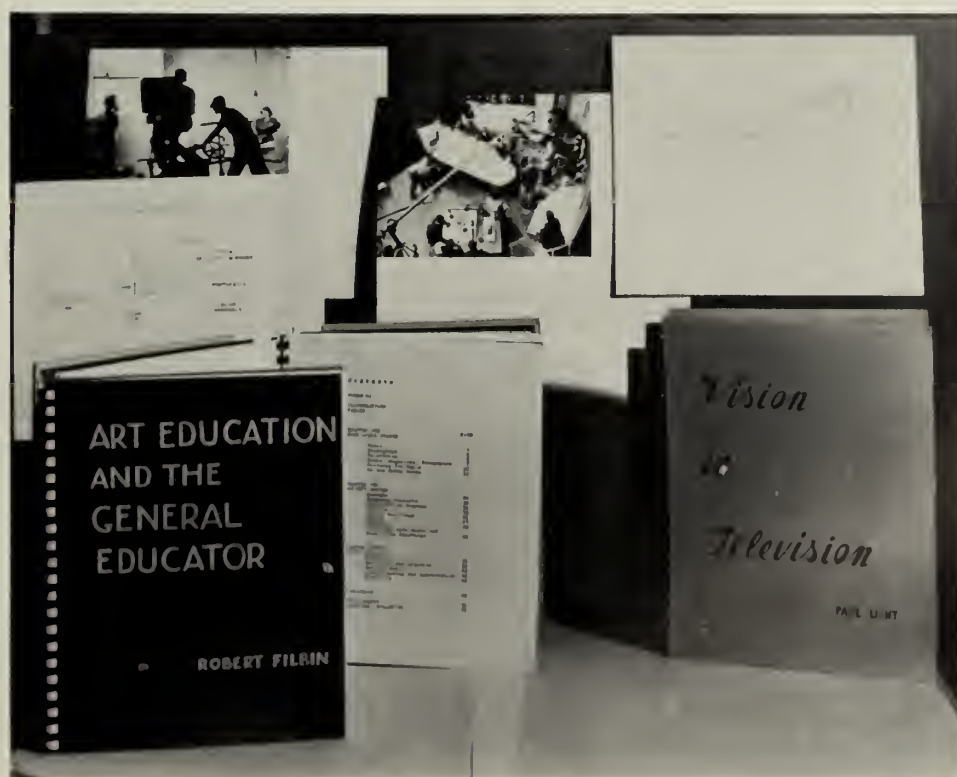
Jean Courtney



Helene Rones



Jean Courtney



Have you noticed them? Everyone is talking about them, and you can't really help but feel the difference — fourteen in number the fashion department is in full swing and flourishing gaily —

We design, we drape, we sew, we rip — ah yes, even a harsh thought is shed before our eyes sparkle and a new creation is brought forth from a mangle of pins, patterns and cloth.

Not satisfied with the three dimensional and "Yes, I Made It", (a long sigh herewith), we also are treading lightly but firmly into the illustration end; Vogue, Harper's and Women's Wear are Sworn Creed.

Watch us, won't you?



some chose fashion



Louise J. Hardy





Carol E. Peeling



Gayer Engel



Piko Mikutaka



Alice Lowenberg

we thought, we dreamed

Mind over matter
Spirit over body
What do they know
Who prattle and preach
In dawning great speech
Of goodness or evil
Of sin and despair
By what right do they call
Who never would fall
From their petrified hall
And breathe!
I walked beyond the
 sandy beach
To where the tide's
 last green pool lies
And grey robber gulls
 trace lacy rings
Above the mist-pale
 tongue of beach
That laps the high,
 cool Spring skies.
I listen then as sharp
 waves preach
Of far bright seas,
 and softly sighs,
And hushes as some
 marsh bird sings
In solitude, of peace.

**we
thought,
we
dreamed**

My First Love
My first love came,
A singing bird;
Wild and sweet and strange,
And nestled close and crooned to me
And wept because I could not see.
My best love came,
A carolling dove;
Shy and tender and true,
And I chained it close with fetters bright
And wept because
It died one night.

Marion Dowling

Polished by the wind-borne sand,
Relic of an ancient land,
Ageless as night's gleaming band,
Eternal Sphinx.
Immobile, calm but yet conveying
Thoughts beyond this pen's portraying
Lips that shame my foolish braying
Ego shrinks.
Unattainable at first,
'Til her lips their bonds had burst
That now quench consuming thirst,
My soul drinks.

She
A sharp black shadow followed
The lilting swing
Of her skirt on the dusty road.
The moon
Threw a livid gash
Across the sky
Where nebulous floating clouds
Swam in the dusky void.
A flick
Of her swinging skirt
Pushed tomorrow further away.
Her heart was as lonely as that empty
Country road,
And the stonewall made for two,
Where she sat moon-bathing
And remembered the oneness that was she

Doubtful still of love, half-guessed
But not on my own of bone as yet,
I wavered;
'Till cooling warmth of sky-bred salt gales
Dissolved complacency
In calm —
Wiping clear the foggiess
Of intrained lenses,
And he met
The startled blinking of eyes not bred
for cleaner sight
With untired gentleness.
I marvel now at calm audacity,
Meditative power,
Simple-seeming.

Janet Doub

red chair the red chair the red chair



the red chair the red cha

Vi is Five and Jeanne-Lucette is saying to him; "Cum je cum — What do you come by? I come by the letter 'S'. S is for Swanboats and Steeplejack and Shiny Sugar Apples which are Bon Bon Walk", says Jeanne Lucette. "Bon Bon Walk is Most Splendid of all."

Here we go down by Creepy Place which is a Dark Alley full of the Large Curly Dog Bartholomew.

Here we come to the "Church-of-the-Angels — Archangels — Seraphum — Cherubim — Dominations — Principalities — and — Powers — Sinners Welcome — the Coal Situation — and the Broken Home — Dr. Twistleforth" — We are waving to the Steeplejack Who is a Brown Honeybee high, high. We should love to hang up there and Make Faces at Bartholomew.

We hop-a-block Up to the Window — Our Red Chair is Gone! We go inside: "Look!", cries Jeanne Lucette, "It is a Clock Most Tall with a Handle only when you wind the Handle a Tune comes Like Slowly Rain Drops — A Lovely Lady dips Up and Down and Funny Little men turn their Heads from Side to Side. Everyone is Doing Something — I want the Red Chair. It's Mine!"

"I make the Negotiations." says Jeanne Lucette.

"It's Mine! The Red Chair!"

"Come, We find the Shiny Sugar Apple!" coaxes Jeanne Lucette. We find the Apple. It is not sweet and No Rainbows are On It. Give it Back!

"The Mos' Un'appy People Want It," sighs Jeanne Lucette. The Mos', Un'appy People live in the Shaggy Brown House with Children Who Giggle at Us.

"They eat Crusts and Poor Old Mice." says Jeanne Lucette. I should like to Eat a Mouse.

Here we come to High Hill and Lavendar Panes and Lion Gate which we love. We Give the Lion a Bite of Our Sugar Apple. We run Zoup!! through See Between Fence and get on the Swanboat next to a Lady with High White Spats and a Plaid Skirt and Umbrella.

"Have a Bite" I say. Jeanne Lucette, she goes "Sh-h-h. The Lady is Malevolent and Evidently Has Not the Hunger." says Jeanne Lucette.

We paddle our Hands thru Moon-colored Water and pat good-by to the Swan Who is White and Proud and Like Jeanne Lucette. I wonder Where My Red Chair Went?

"And There were Hundreds and Hundreds of Butter-sparrows and Brown Flies Who Kept Watch Over the Snow White." Jeanne Lucette is telling: "One With Wings of Shell-est-Pink and One with Wings of Water-blue."—"And Lemon—Sky-Purple", (I help)

"And the Snow White She lay Under the Glass Beneath the Sky as if She Lay at the Bottom of a Deep Green Sea Looking Up at the Top of the Water. — And Who Do You Suppose Should Come Through the Wood But the Handsomest Prince. — And Who Should He Kiss?"

And We are Going Up the Steps and Through the Door and Up the Stairs and Into the Nursery and, and—And There Is Our Red Chair!!

Gertrude Wade



Soraya Christo



Donald Teague



Joseph Carraro



Rose Kneetsky



Josephine Zuccala



Edward Swut

everyone worked hard



M. S. Martin Jeffray





Shirley Bain



Joseph Canino



Timothy E. Demorey





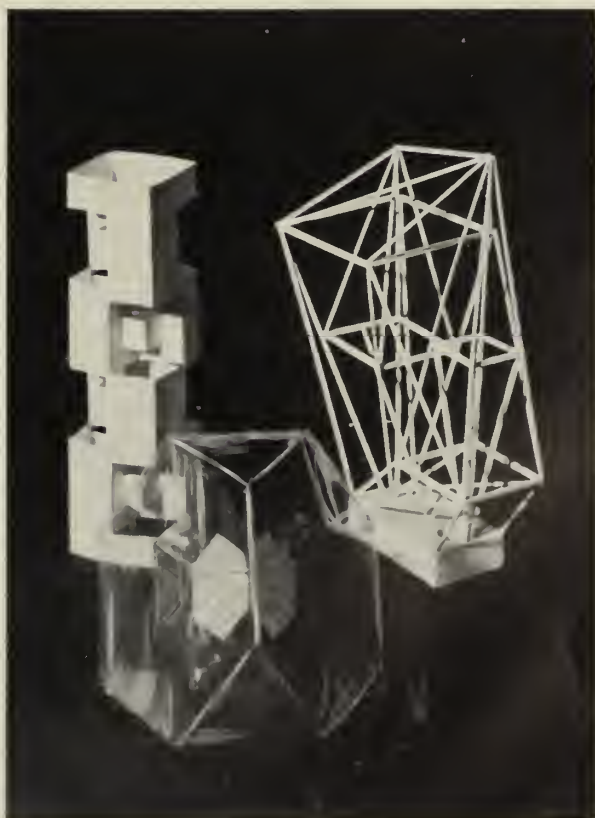
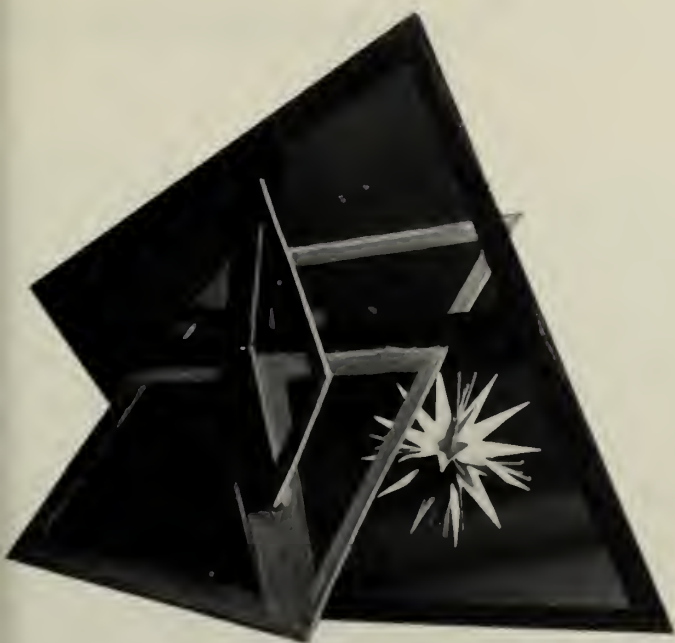
George J. Shedd

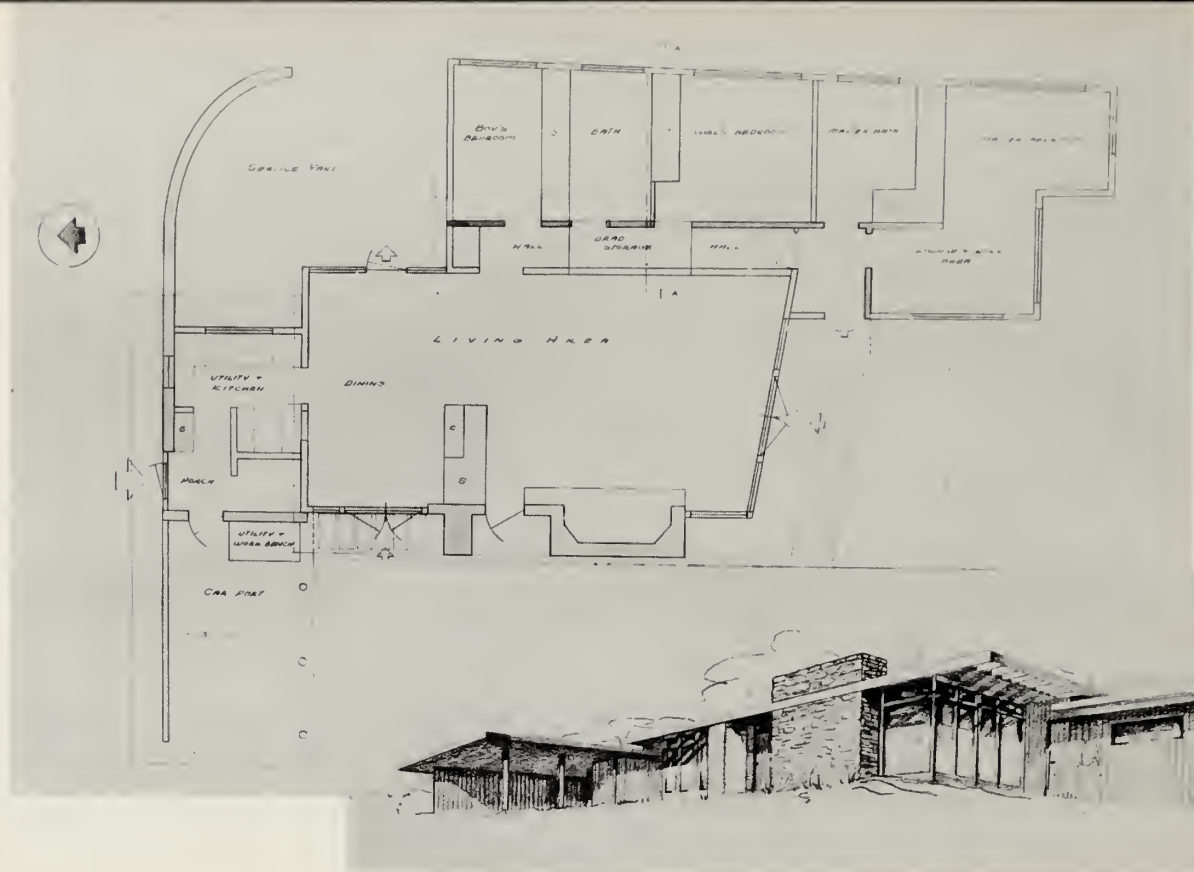


P.L. Caon

Edmund Sweet



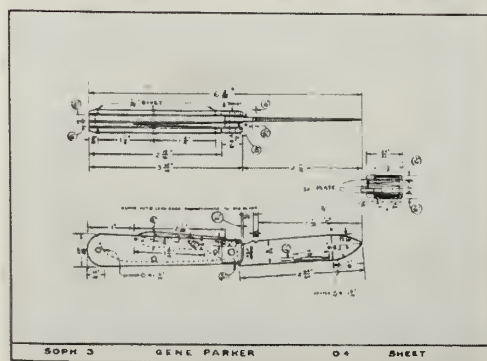




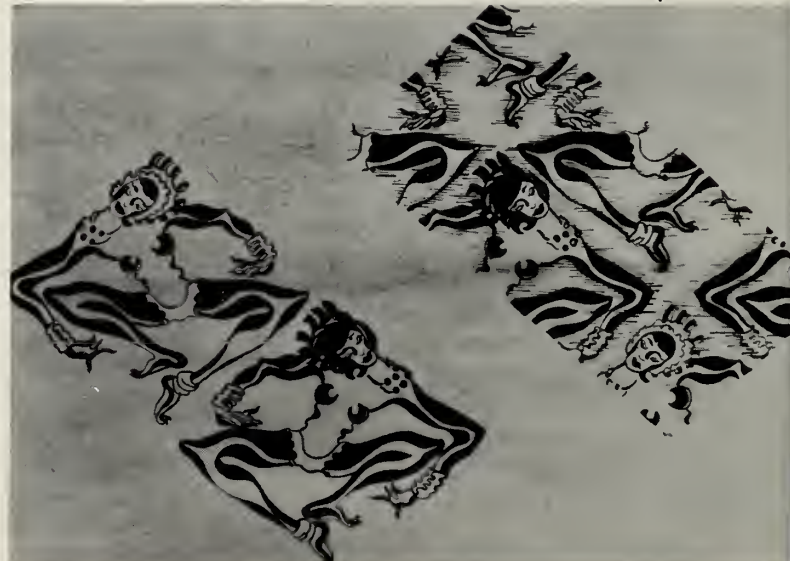
Okuniewicz



Sidney Cotton



Shirley Bain





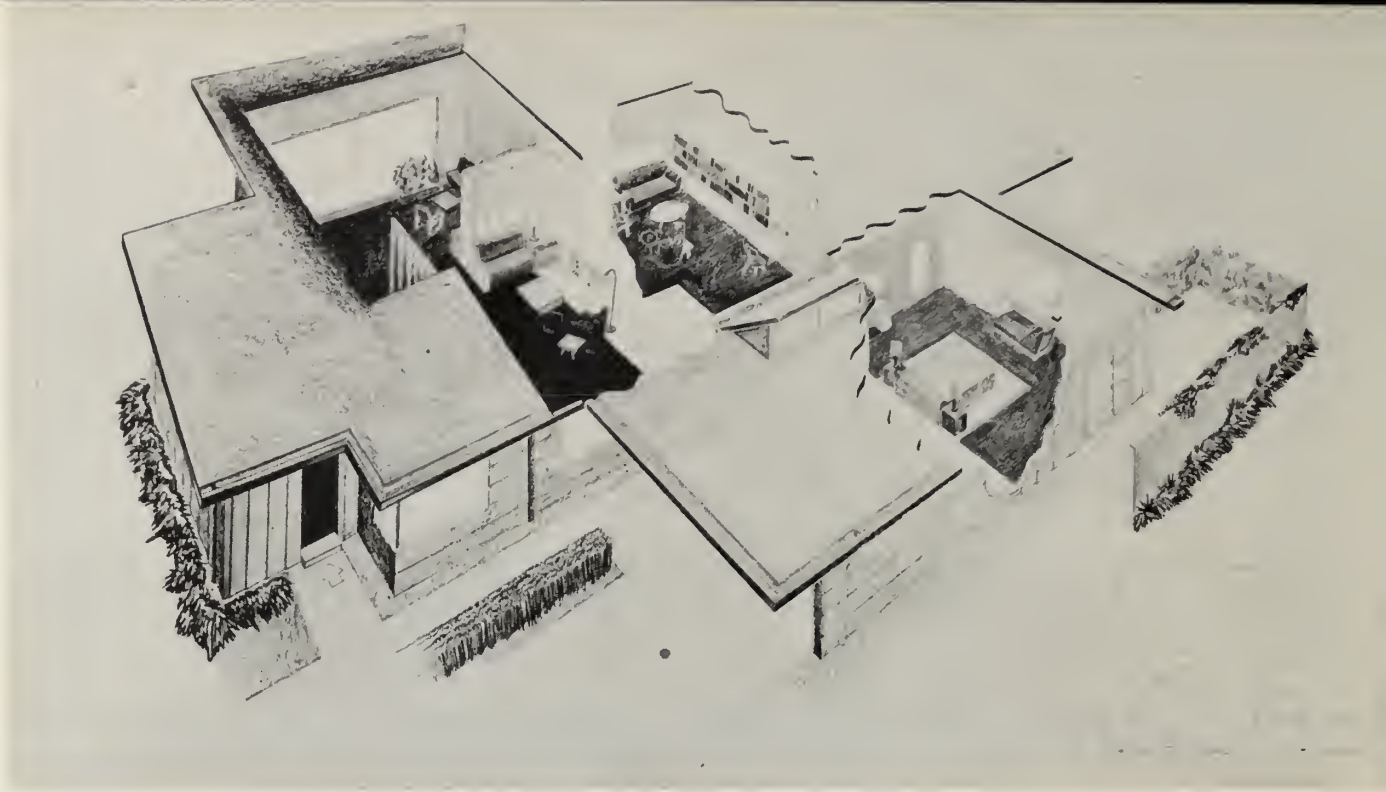
Eiko Matsubara



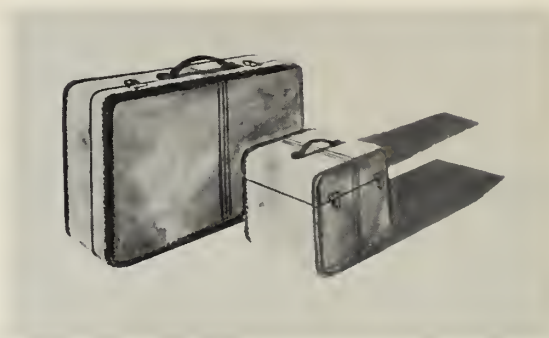
Dorothy Heaffer



Robert Haydon



Mary Kuasnik



Vincent J. Tringale



John H. Cataldo



Aleksu Bobau

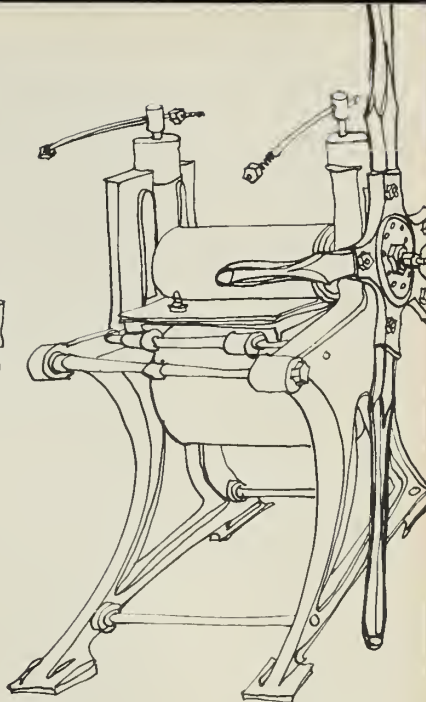
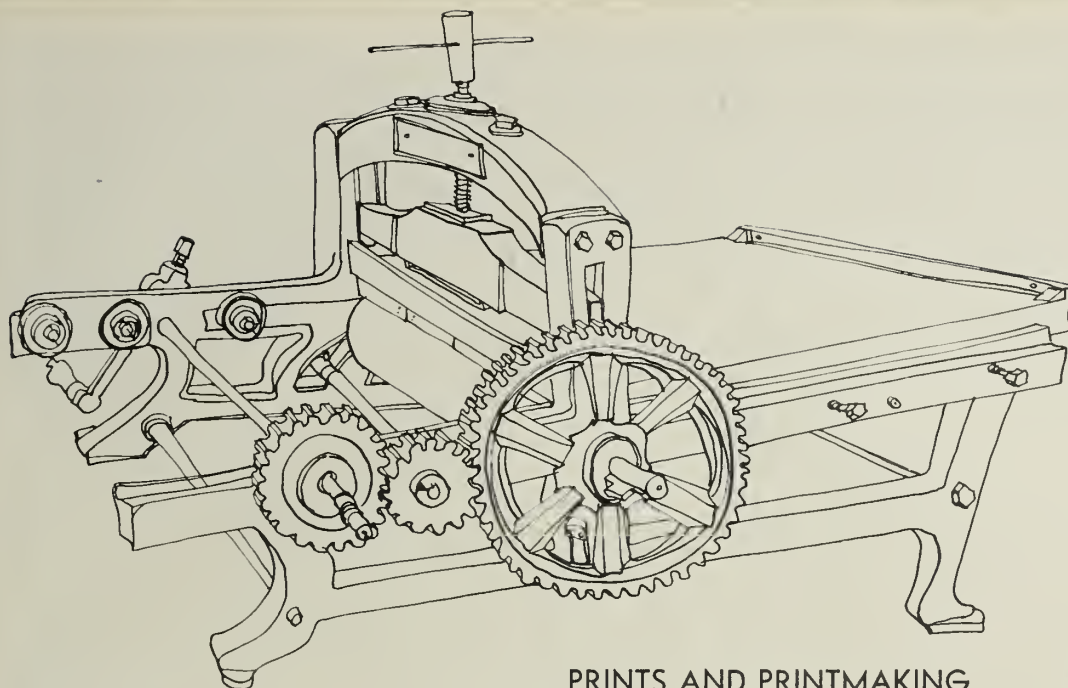


Eugene H. Coulon



Joseph H. Gropper





PRINTS AND PRINTMAKING

We d.p.'s have been the objects of much curiosity around M.S.A. The mysterious things we do, and our singularly disheveled appearance, cause members of other departments to timorously creep around our rooms, no doubt in search of the truth as to what goes on in the nether regions. We turn out paintings and prints, — the paintings usually understandable . . . the prints more confusing! How does one make many reproductions from a single original drawing? All that is required is a zinc plate, ink, paper, the etching press, and a hand to guide the etching needle.

To do a hard ground etching, the metal plate is heated, covered with the wax ground by means of a roller, then smoked with a candle. After the plate cools and the ground hardens, the design is drawn through the coating of ground with an etching tool, or other fine pointed instrument, exposing the plate which is then immersed in a weak solution of nitric acid. The ground protects the plate where no etch is desired, allowing the acid to bite into the plate in the lines made by the etching tool. The principle of making the etching print is based on forcing the ink into the intaglio lines and wiping it off the high, unbitten surfaces. Under pressure the ink is pulled out of the lines onto dampened paper, thus making the print. Different degrees of light and shade are produced by etching some parts more than others, and by varying the depth of the bitten line. After the lines have been correctly bitten, the ground is washed off the plate with turps, and dried ready for inking. The ink is rubbed thoroughly into the lines with bare fingers, and the excess wiped off with hand or cloth, depending on the result desired. The inked plate is laid face up on the press, damp paper placed over it, then a blotter, the blanket on top, and the press rolls. When you have finished gloating over the print, be sure to press it carefully between blotters, otherwise it will wrinkle and be spoiled.

Dry point consists in cutting the design directly in to the plate with a strong, sharp tool — the deeper the line, the darker it will be when printed. A ridge of metal, called a burr, is thrown up beside each line. The result is a richness characteristic of a dry point print.

Lithography is a newer technique than etching, with

several highly specialized branches, such as color- and photo-lithography, all requiring slightly different methods, but based on the same principle. We were much confused when Mr. Philbrick first tried to explain this mystic process to us, but with his help, and patient guidance, we were at last initiated. Soon, to our amazement, we were actually printing our own lithographs. We were told resignedly, "This is a messy process, you just have to clean up after yourselves."

For our work, the stone used is a fine grained limestone, usually cut about three inches thick, other dimensions varying — except weight, that's always much too heavy! Lithography is based on the principle that water and grease will not mix, and the preparation of the stone consists in so treating the surface that the portion containing the drawing will retain ink, while the remaining portion will not. The surface is ground to a grain resembling that of fine drawing paper. This is done by grinding two stones together with carborundum and water, the weight of the stones being sufficient to wear them down to the required smoothness. After the stone is thus prepared, the drawing is washed with a solution of gum arabic and nitric acid to keep the grease from spreading and to render the other portions of the stone more porous and capable of absorbing water. The coating of gum and acid dry, the stone is washed with water, then with turps which removes all traces of the drawing except the grease from the crayon which has penetrated the stone, and will hold the ink. The turps is washed off with water and the stone is ready for the pulling of the first proofs. When printing, the stone is kept wet with a sponge. The water does not adhere to the greased portion constituting the drawing (no one knows why) so that part of the stone remains dry. A large roller is used to apply the ink. The stone is placed, drawing side up on the bed of the lithograph press, the damp paper to be printed is laid on top, then a blotter, a sheet of news-block, then a flat, soft metal plate. The press scraper rests on the metal plate, which is greased so that the scraper slides easily over it, yet exerting enough pressure to force the ink from the stone onto the paper. An edition of thirty or forty fine prints is thus possible — each subtlety (and I might add, each weakness) of the original is faithfully reproduced.

Muriel Webber

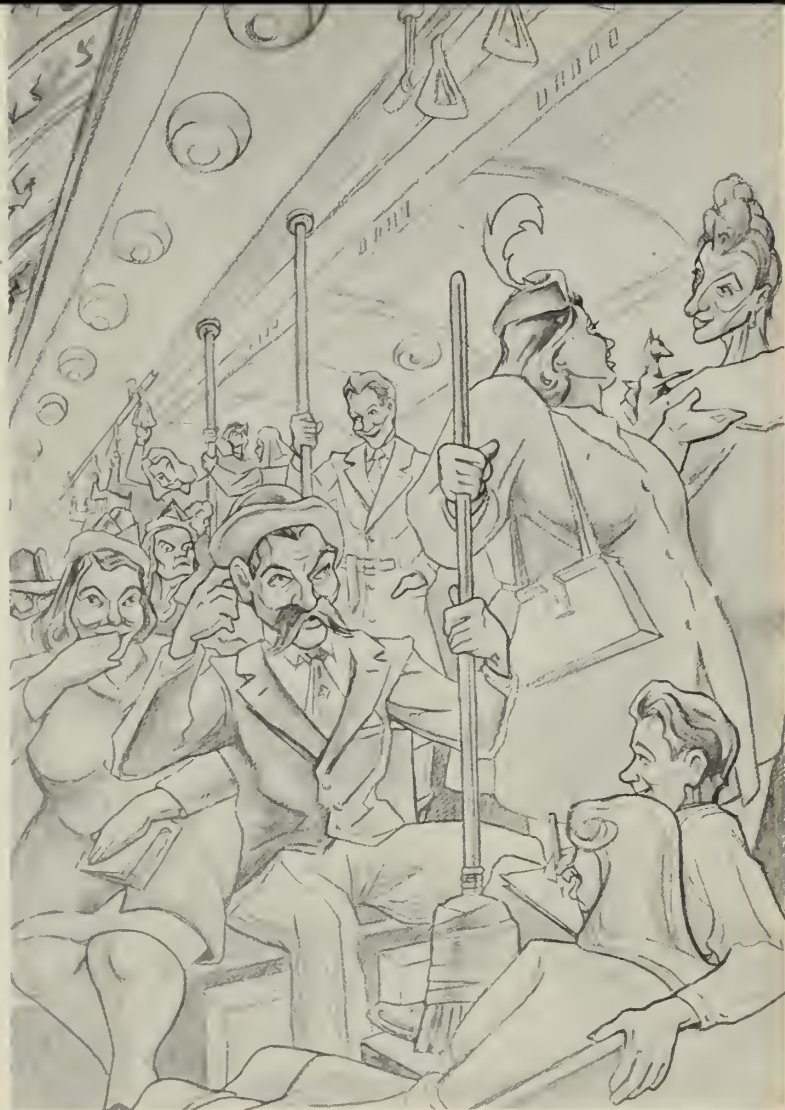


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Richard D. Coffey



JOHN HESSY



John Lamb



This gallery contains a series of reproductions immersed in cool, smooth light. A single wheaten plane of wall tones the chimerae of abstractions to the eye. And all are portraits:

In the axis of this cyclorama is a display case. Here rests a diminutive box cleanly four square of blithe beribboning. We are invited to open it. Herein is the ring and the ring is awareness. There is no finger it cannot fit.

— You and I know it belongs to Dean Murray.

A mural of Boston signboards could have been executed by only one man — the one who knows them all. He is a connoisseur of that special highlight on a backing truck and rush-hour pavements after rain,

— Mr. Demetropoulos of course in watercolors mixed with fountain water from the Public Gardens.

We have here an indispensable direct mail catalogue, selling advertising, and answer to questions concerning some, a resignation to quality draftsmanship, a downright charm,

— Mr. Thompson in two colors and Ben Day.

we learned from

The only perfectly square composition is one containing a perfect ellipse. It is something quite difficult to do and it is done well. It is an abstraction of mathematics, the decorative in function,

— Mr. Cain in colored chalks.

Next we approach an enlarged negative of the relationship of parts to the whole representing cool, coordination of crafts, the warp and woof, well woven composition. In the right hand corner the symbolic mop. "Yes, that's a fairly good print."

— Mr. Arends.

The picture to your left is tipped intentionally, expressing the constant protraction of this individual obliged to view young constructions from top, side, front elevations, to read blueprint dimensions facing Four Winds. Ranging tacitly from concise evaluations to a whetting wit,

— Mr. Dunn in white oak.

Our next impression is of an Impressionist. The imbrication of stroke on stroke suggests a motionful mosaic, the mother and child live in a flowerful of blues, green, reds, yellows, tale-colors, the capture of a smile and a way,

— Mr. Philbrick in these oils.

Here we have a pap-tage of forthright tube colors. These changeful facial expressions are matched only by the countless Reader's Digests he must have contributed to paper drives,

— Mr. Jones in newsprint with the page-top turned for reference.

Concerning the lone figure perched at the zenith of this composition, any one of you should have discerned that turret tenant, the Lady Farthest from the nearest exit in case of atomic repercussion. Overlapping, encyclopediae, Art annuals and file cases lead to terra firma,

— Mrs. Whittet, with a parachute of bandage gauze.

Next on observation are oceanic formations, a Henry Moore, a watercolor. Also excerpts from the designer's roster on Sane Diving and that place near Gloucester where it can be done. For further information,

— phone Mr. Allen.

Approximately three feet from the floor by an eighteen inch metal-edged ruler floats a duodec-hedron of substantial yet versatile celluloid; it is suspended either by magic or mental telepathy,
— the twelve sides of Mr. Hoadley.

Next, through a vast graph of humeri, clavicles and superior anterior iliac spines weaves a dole-some lock done in the manner of a Master. This lucubration psychologically relates a repressed longing for new background drapes, richer paintings,
— Mr. Gavin in oils and that palette knife.

A pair of Byzantine eyes reflect a distant myriad of Still Life jars. There is a suggestion of expres-sive hands, a wistfulness for the unmuddy, a par-tiality to the masonite, sponge and tape,
— Mr. Corsini in water-greys, greens, red-browns.

A second sense of third dimension encounters us in a head with a westerly way of it. It is actively sure, texturally delightful to tool-roughened fin-gers, and signed with,
— the inimitable thumb of Mr. Porter in his own mediums.

A table is specially constructed in the mold of an exclamation point and the miniature model of a room is placed thereon: Décor futur, muralled completely by the completely young, and a wee sma' bookcase containing all the Sally Tannahills,
— Executed by Miss Nye and her T. E. Dept.

Indisputedly the "Chef d'oeuvre" of the display case we say is a hat and we like it: Swatches of stone marten, clumps of smilax and lilacs of topaz and Truman Purple in all the superlatives,
— Belonging of course to Miss McManus.

This abstraction is facile indeed: The symbols 0° Centigrade Ice is unfair to Psychologists' Ankles; experiment blanks=Children Have Right to Live. (Here we have an exponent.) That sketch of a hippopotamus? If you haven't heard of "Rosie"
— just ask Miss Franklin.

The circulations of Vogue and Harper's Bazaar are being yeasted and aha we know who is doing the yeasting: Yea onè y-clad in shocking blue and beige with a pulsatory partiality to the new longer skirt,
— The Paris influence translated by Mrs. Quinn.

Here we have a dressmaker's dummy draped distin-guée in midnight green with a repeat motif of thimbles and the words "Rip out the stitches." Attached we note several papers of pins and a shot of
— Mrs. Sylvester at the latest fashion show.

The prepossession of the first lies in its contrast of a silicate of jade, its long-lined setting sug-gesting the wearer's hand of tapering fingerful angles, with the background wash of greyed saf-frons and oranges, implying a swift conchoid spiral, a prancing pony mane.
— Miss Lennen in a number of techniques.

The second contains as symbols a copy of Seven-teen and a Victorian never-never penholder molded for practicability and an Estabrook Oval Point. We could have done without that extra dash of vermilion to identify,
— Mr. Kupferman in water-color pencils and High-grade inks.

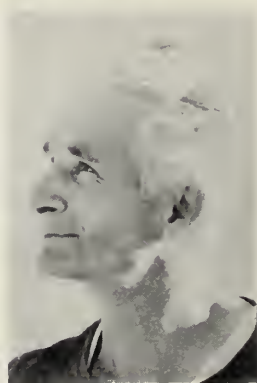
The next comprises a texture study! A seven foot vertical area of flecked herringbone area cut in stairs denoting ascent between library and classroom with a slight divergence in weave re-counting passage to office through etching room,
— Mr. O'Donnell in pepper and salt and a dash of red ink.

Off by itself, we see an abstract rendered after the Old Masters,—mellowed, muted tones combine with an exuberant, youthful composition of eager young faces; a motley crowd played against a background score of Schubert and Dvorák,—and a little left of center,—
—Miss Kendrick at the piano

This bulletin-board-collage, of layout, fresh and voluble, includes a Wednesday Herald book re-view page, a "view of instructor-student discus-sion at street floor Balustrade", frost-fare "Mend-ing Wall" and right corner candid of that amic-able automobile driven by
— Miss Sheehan.

On a sunsewn window-graph of century cubes we trace a Lurcat pattern of leaf and leaf-pendant in the Egyptian chrome of lapis and red carmelion: A primitive's candor with a prognastic touch, a symbol,
— Miss Munsterberg in teacup porcelain and tapes try-purl.

Step away from in front of that rendering of mosaic jewelry, we'd like to look at it. Hm—crisp and pellucid, accent on technique, and superimposed, certain snips from the Times stress-ing proportion,
— Mrs. Green in the wash that counts on Strath-more medium two-ply.

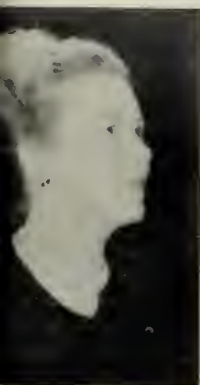




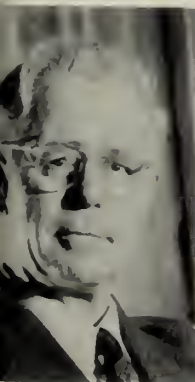
Frank Allen
 Jack Arends
 Theron J. Cain
 Arthur Corsine
 C. Demetropoulos



Charles C. Dunn Jr.
 Marquise R. Franklin
 Patrick Gavin
 Cyril S. Green
 Edwin A. Hadley



Francis L. Jones
 Grace A. Kendrick
 Lawrence Kupperman
 Emma P. Lenson
 Rita M. Manuel



Ella Munsterberg
 Priscilla Nye
 Leo O'Donnell
 Otis Philbrick
 Raymond Porter



Marilyn J. Quinn
 Julia Sheehan
 Wilhelmina B. Sylvestre
 Fred J. Thompson
 Eppie B. Whittet

Mary E. Murray
 Dean



to keep us busy

Student Activities

Let us not make a jeremiad for the year, it is done — nor for these tritenesses: the monsoon of locker-seeking, and final subsidence; the hopeful dash to the habitat of Art School Associates Inc., so often ending in despair for late-comers; the renewal of effort to observe a bell schedule.

The Freshman Social, the coming to know, was September's; and classes began again, equipped with vigor of approach to the still life, and that First Love of unadulterated green and purple tempera. The Veterans supplied competition for all. Then another dance: Hallowe'en had come and was gone. A short Novembrance and voila — Season's Greetings! Slipped patly between the new ten cent Iceberg and the unpredictable appearance of the Hershey Bar, came the Christmas Spread. Those verse-and-trophy compounds for Faculty charmed even the most nitric-aciduous in our midst, as did that Gulliverian stage-setting, a white Rococo frame and blue light: a tangerine hussy, her lover, and a timbering dandy in zoot-suiting; a ballet fulchrum feathered with Degas jeune filles; an Alice Blue Gown Siva-ess of many arms; the timeless beauty of the Birth supplemented with Glee Club carols. Then we were at the Christmas Formal, one of many coupled circle-patterns wheeling about a floor brightly accented. January brought a new "Welcome!" sign on the door of B-9, but inside, the same old and warm welcome waited for all of us on Wednesday afternoons at T-time with E.M. Exhibitions, more dances, meetings in assembly hall, formal and informal; and campaigns calling on our 'civic pride' in connection with two rooms which we shall leave unnamed — all these that seemed so in the present are now in the past. Open House was followed by class dances, our annual exhibition and our annual escape to the 'Great Out of Doors'. Finally, as a ribbon might be tied about a package, and ever afterward remind one of the present; so, the Year-book will remind us of the past.

Let us not make a jeremiad for the year, it is done — as are the tritenesses we have so loved: the monsoon of locker-seeking, the hopeful dash to the habitat of Art School Associates Inc., the effort to observe a bell schedule.





Virginia Lrabian



M.C. Molahan



Patricia Ducey





A year book cannot be edited by one person alone, or by two or three. As it is the anthology, in paint and type, of a complete student body, rather than of a single personality, so it must be the culmination of that student body's cooperation, energy, and eagerness to see caught and held as a tangible memory, its ideals, struggles, enthusiasms, and dejections. For a year book, in itself, is not of much importance. Its great value lies in its ability to open, with each turning page, some closed door in our memory, to light for us each time, some darkened pathway where our ambitions will always be as green and youthful, as yet untarnished by the blunt practicality of sheer existence, as they now are, at the first opening and closing of this book.—therefore—

we wish to thank

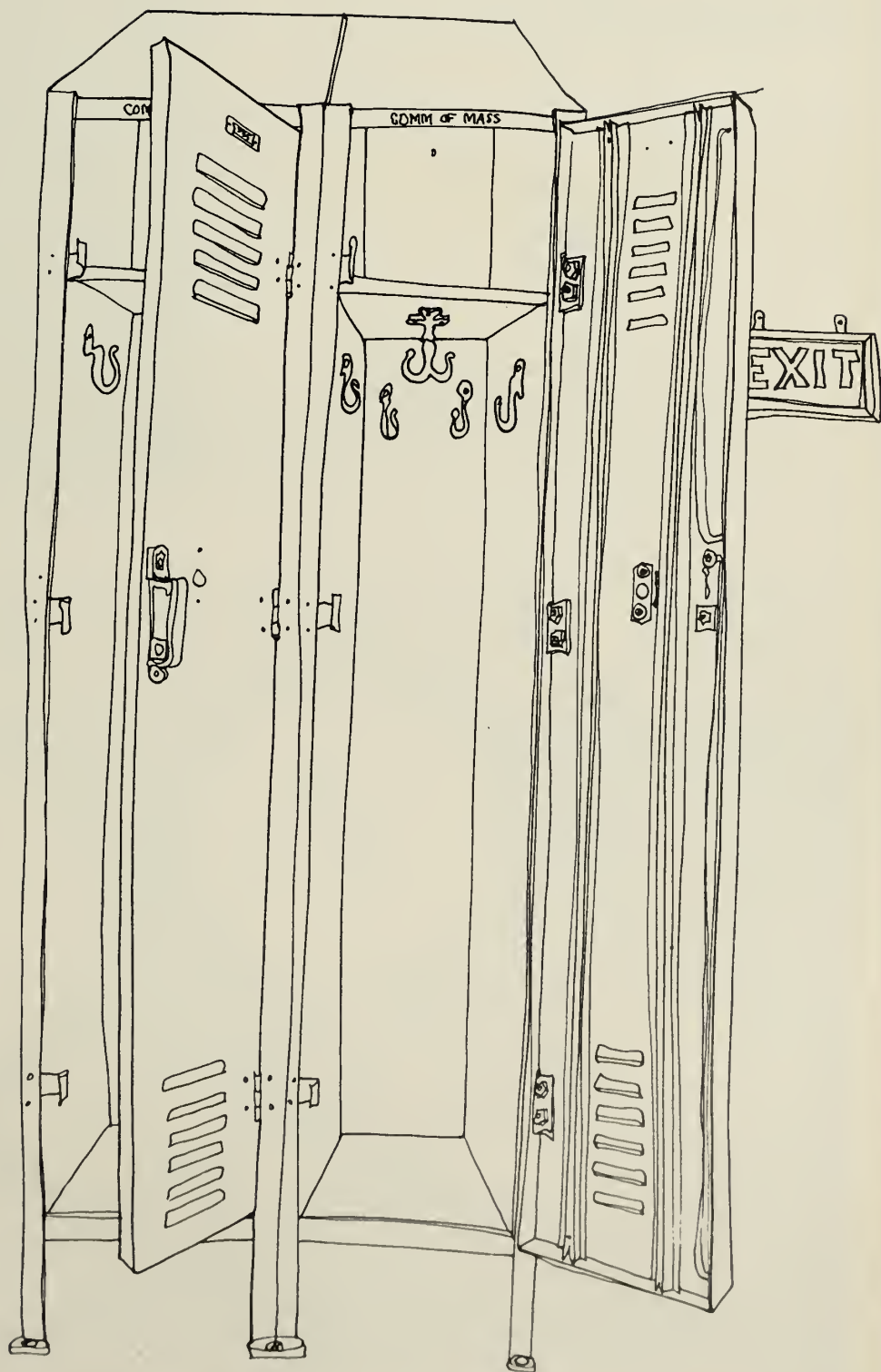
All those members of the faculty and student body, each of whom has, in some way, contributed toward the completion of this year book. We especially wish to extend our deepest gratitude to that smaller group of students and faculty who gave their time and energy so willingly in order to prepare and edit the actual work upon these pages—

—To our Art Editor, Janet Doub, our Literary Editor, Gertrude Wade, our Production Manager, Lydia Breed, and our staff, Eleanor Davis, Lois Marks, Elinor Phillips, Mary Malandrino, Elaine Biganess, and Henrietta Lockwood.

To Mr. Arends who gave so generously of his time in snapping, developing, and printing our candid shots.

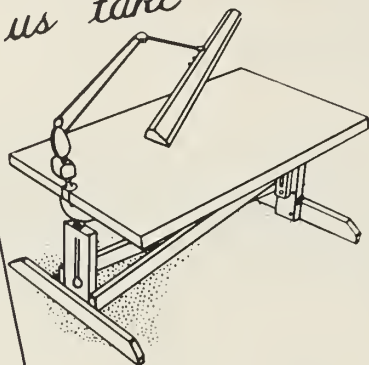
—And a very fervent thank you to Mr. Kupferman, Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. Thompson, our Art, Literary and Production advisors, who, together, formed the ever-present helping hand, alternately guiding, pushing, and pulling us through the endless maze of enthusiastic ideas, and depressing practicalities in which we were so continually entangled.

Alice Coolidge—Editor

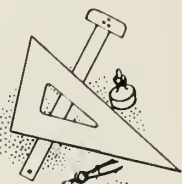




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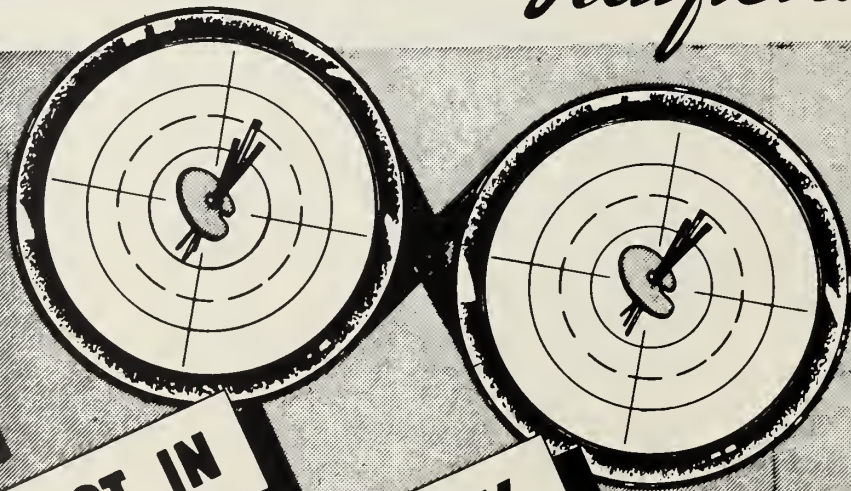


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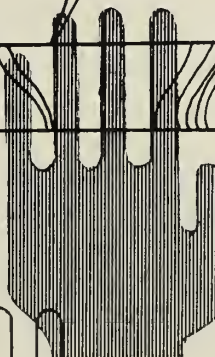
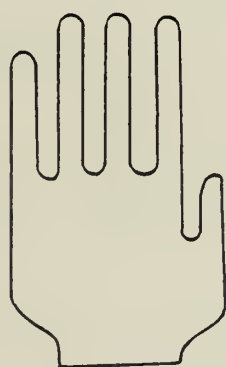
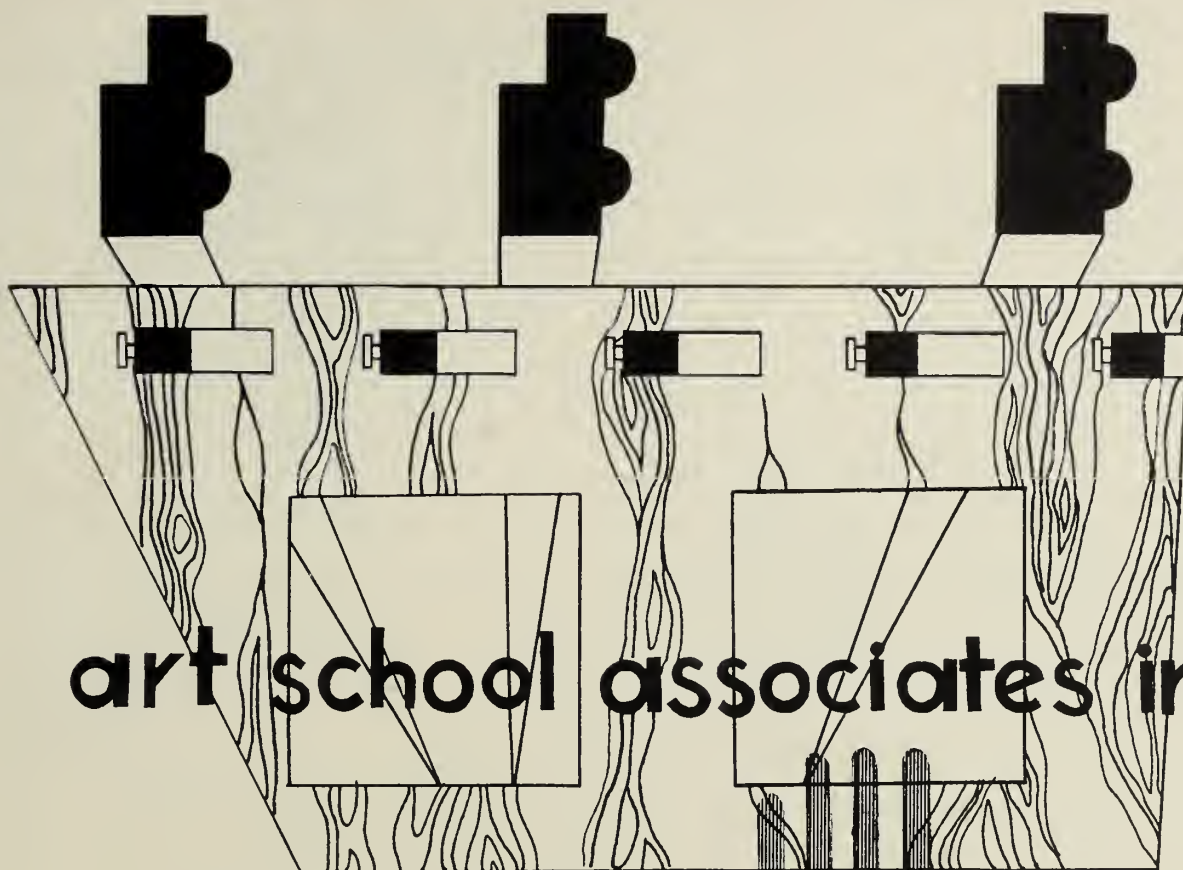
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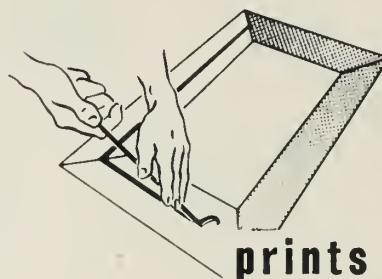


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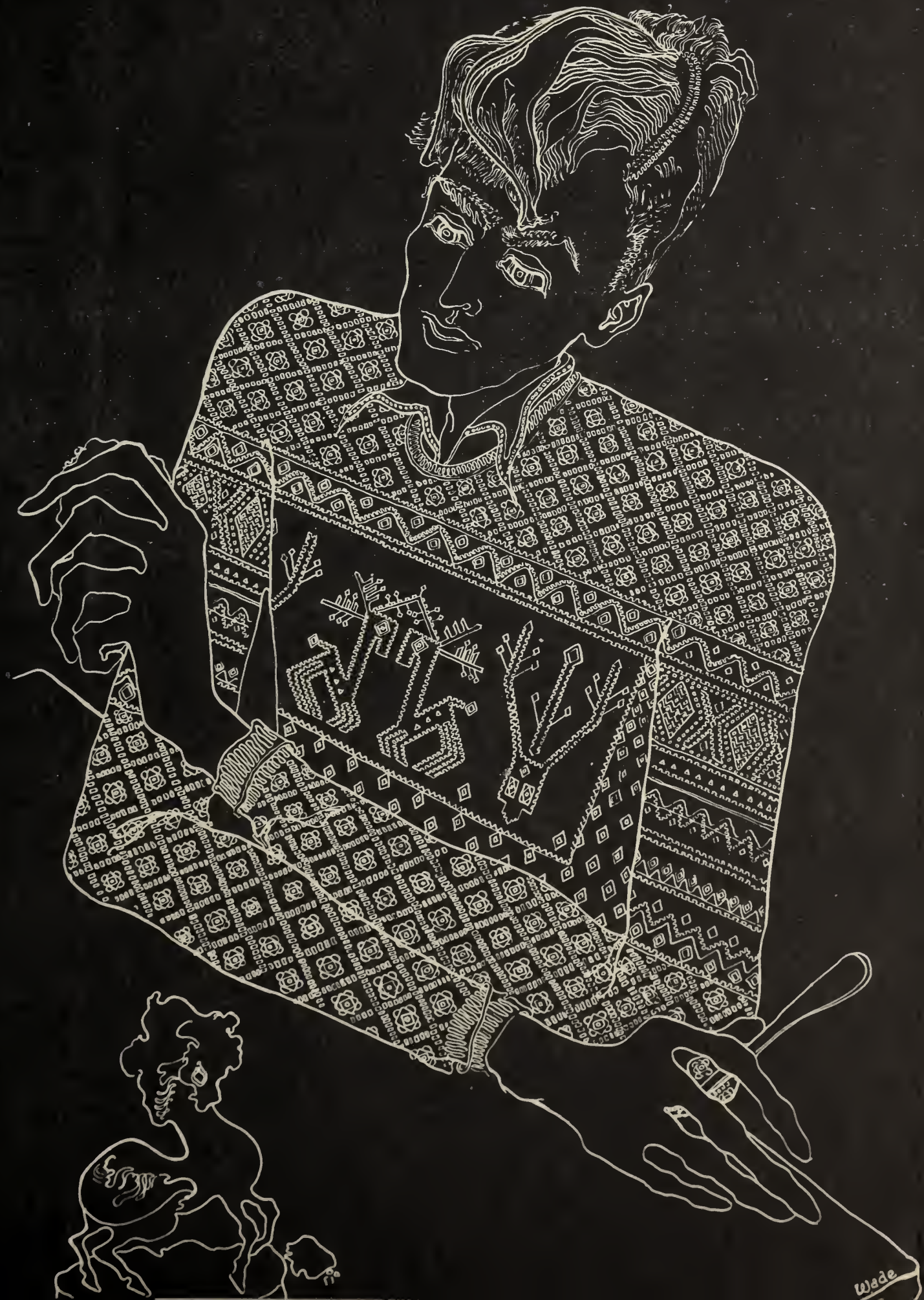
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